

May. I followed her advice to the letter, and the result is simply wonderful. May Heaven bless her and the good work she is doing for our sex! If you are sick or in trouble write to Mrs. Pinkham. Her advice invariably brings relief. Your letter will be received, read and answered by one of our own sex." MRS. CHARLES PARKER.

Druggists say there is a tremendous demand for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; and it is doing lots of good, that is the blessed thing about it.

à Three BOOKS Worth Getting-"Guide to Health," "Woman's Beauty, Peril, Duty," "Woman's Triumph."-These are FREE

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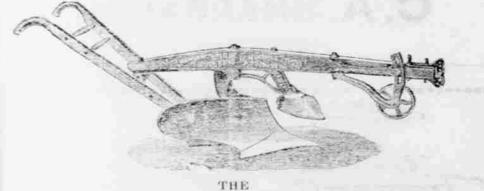
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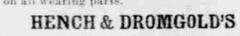
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F. X. FEES'

N. B. SWANK, 207 COR. MAIN & BEDFORD STS., JOHNSTOWN, PA.

SPURTS AND PASTIMES. An immense bald eagle, measuring seven feet from tip to tip of its wings,

was captured alive near Middlefork, Ind. a few days ago. Dr. Sheepshanks, hishop of Norwich, is an enthusiastic cyclist, and even rides on Sunday from one part of his diocese to another.

Lorin F. Deland, who is now headcoach of the Harvard football team, and Walter Camp, who is head of the Yale team, are collaborating on a book on football.

It will be unlawful to kill quail in Kentucky for the ensuing two years, except in November and December, an act to that effect having passed the Kentucky legislature.

A rattlesnake measuring eight inches in circumference and four feet six inches in length, and having 13 rattles and a button, was killed near Phoenix, Arizona, last week. It was the largest rattlesnake ever seen in that region. The Argentine Republic is going to

send a team of polo players to England next summer, and much interest is expressed to see their ponies, which are said to comprise specimens of every kind bred in South America.

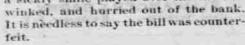
In three rabbit drives this season in Cassia county, Idaho, some 8,000 rabbits have been killed. The animals are astonishingly numerous and a very serious nusiance. A round-up hunt is to be held every week in the hope of exterminating the pest.

English pheasants are being raised by syndicate of sportsmen at Lebanon, N. H. Some time this year the birds will be liberated with the expectation that, under proper protection, they will multiply and furnish an excelent

addition to the supply of game in that region. Got His Change,

In all banks there is usually an acumulation of coins, and with them a Cincinnati, O., banker turned a unique trick on a sharper a few days since. A stranger rushed into the bank, saying: "Change this five-dollar bill quick. 1

want to catch the train." The banker looked at the bill a moment, hesitated, then walked back and returned, handed the sharper five counterfeit dollars. The sharper looked at them a moment, a sickly smile played over his face, he



ENGLISH MILITIA. Land Artillery Which Might Well Be

Imitated Here. Numerically, England has a militia force which is far ahead of that of America, though it is to be remembered that the United States has a volunteer reserve of able-bodied men who could he called out in case of an emergency. This reserve consists of 7,000,000 or 8,-000,000, and it has been shown that it can fight. Rather.

There are, however, says Leslie's Weekly, many points about the British volunteer militia which it seems to me might be incorporated in our own service. They have, for instance, what is called a land artillery, which has reached the enormous number of 46,-000 men, and which is as thoroughly trained in rifle exercises, marching, drilling and the handling of big guns as the regulars of our own army. The artillery regiments are composed to a large extent of men in the laboring classes, officered by "gentlemen of leisure," who go into the militia from motives of patriotism.

Once a week, in the summer months, the artillery go to the nearest forts for target practice. Every year big detachments from each battalion go to, Shoeburyness and shoot for prizes with 18 or 24-pounder guns at ranges varying from 1,000 to 3,000 yards. The artillery full-dress uniform is a very handsome one-black with red facings, silver ornaments and white cross-belts. The men are armed with a short carbine and a sword haranat

Parsnips.

An entirely new way of serving parsnips is in the shape of an English walnut, with a nut in the middle. The parsnips are first boiled and mashed fine. Then to each pint there is added a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a dash of pepper and two tablespoonfuls of milk. Mix well over the fire, and when smoking hot add a thoroughly beaten and very fresh egg. Spread the mixture on a dish to cool. Then take the nut of an English walnut, and roll around it the parsnip pulp until you have a good-sized nut. Roll in egg and cracker dust and fry a light brown in deep fat that is smoking. Serve hot .-- Cincinnati Enquirer.

No More Book Proposals Search reveals the amazing fact that the proposal-in literature, at least-is of the years that must necessarily becoming obsolete. Stories there are

Mr. Lawrence's experience as a politician had bred in him an air of extreme urbanity when in the presence of women and children taken as a collective part of a voter's possessions, but dealing with one of the opposite sex at close range and as a distinct individual was something rarely essayed by the erstwhile wily manager, and the morning when he called on Mrs. Osgood to learn whether or no there were good grounds for the rumors then affoat his manner gave evidence of a trepidation such as ic could not remember ever to have floundered in before. The candid greet ing which his hostess always extended to callers, instead of putting him at his ease, only served to bewilder him the more and, with a bluntness which would have filled his diplomatic soul with horror in a political move, he went at the subject that was responsible for his visit.

"Mrs. Osgood," he said, between asth matic catches of his breath. "I hear it said throughout the village that you never intend to marry again. My neighbors-your neighbors-our neighbors -consider this not only folly but a positive wrong on your part. I see, more clearly, perhaps, than any other the fallacy of your conclusions and beseech you to reconsider, if gossip has reported you correctly. Mrs. Osgood, do

you mean never to marry again?" The lady's face was tinged with a slight flush, and she hesitated a mo ment before answering. "Really, Mr. Lawrence," she replied.

at length, "your question is a very pointed one, and I was trying to de cide whether or not you have a right to expect an answer. But as it is a matter on which I have no reason to maintain any particular secrecy. I don't r jud telling you that I am decidedly prejudiced against second marriages. Such a course might be pardonable in some cases, but in this instance, never." Lawrence's countenance was elongated

to a ridiculous degree. "Since you have positively stated that much," he hazarded, "perhaps you will tell me what is your reason."

She turned in her chair till her gaze rested on the figure of a boy, who was training vines in the garden beyond the wide driveway.

"My life belongs to him," she said softly, and the tears welled up in her pretty eyes and trembled on her long lashes. "He is my only child, and so long as I can keep him with me I shall have no desire for another companion When he marries, which time, please heaven, will never come while I live, then I may consider the advisability of choosing another husband"

Lawrence sighed. In his calculations of prospective happiness the widow's son had never been considered an unknown quantity, and he knew to a degree of commendable exactness the age of the young hopeful in question. He wouldn't be 16 until the following December. The prospect was not very encouraging. Under the laws of the state it was highly improbable that he should take unto himself a wife before he was 21, and, viewing the matter even from that extraordinarily favorable standpoint, the old man's heart grew heavy with apprehension as he thought

elapse before he could hope for a frui-

"Mother," he cried, and he drew the trim figure up close beside him, "I've news for you-glorious news. I'm to be married, mother, soon."

She did not cry out. She even ceased to tremble, but she did not answer. "Why don't you say something, moth-

er?" he laughed, raising her pale, drawn face and kissing her. "Aren't you glad?"

The joy that quivered in every line of his boyish face touched her heart and for his sake she tried to conceal the pain.

"I had hoped I should not hear that news for many a year," she whispered, "but your happiness has always been mine, you know.

"Dear mother," he murmured, fond ly, "of course , ou know whom she is-Irene Lawrence. Her people are more than delighted with the match. The old man is especially elated. The fact is, mother. I think he has been the prime mover in assisting me to win her.' Mrs. Osgood's memory took a sudden

leap backward. "Ah, yes," she sighed, reflectively, "I shouldn't wonder.'

They were married in the early sum mer and went away for a short tour through the west. The Sunday after the wedding Joseph Lawrence, protected by a double-plate armor of selfassurance, made his second call on Mrs Osgood. He found her sitting near the same window against whose light her wholesome beauty had been silhouetted on the occasion of his first proposal. His heart was less flurried than on the first day, but his method of treating the errand on which he had come was hardly less abrupt.

"Mrs. Osgood," he said, "do you re member a little conversation we had in this self-same place six years ago."

Great sobs lodged in her throat and she coughed a reply. His own memory was very active then and her words: "Which time, please Heaven, will never come while I live," thundered in his cars and pronounced him guilty of wrecking a mother's happiness. They had tauned him a good many times in the last few months, but never so loudly as then. But the politician had ground his ax all but the finishing touches and he didn't intend to let the grindstone rest at that late day.

"Perhaps you'll recollect," he con tinued, cautiously, "that at that time you told me I could broach a certain subject again after your son married. Lorain has gone"-she looked out toward the garden where her boy had worked that summer day six years before, and her tears fell fast. "Mrs. Os good," and his voice was very gentle and tender then, "are you still averse to a second marriage?" She looked around on the empty house and the empty garden and then her eves

rested on Joseph Lawrence. "No," she said. "I don't believe I am." -Chicago News.

Some Rusbands Compared.

In talking with an American about the different conditions of women in Japan and the United Staes, a Japanes, diplomat once said: "When I marry l take a head servant; when you marry you become one." A man who recently visited Japan quotes a remark in a somewhat similar vein made by a Japanese interpreter. "I sat one day,"

the insurance company, said:

"Young man, you are too smart to be paying teller of a bank. Come down to my office and I will give you \$20,000 a year."

He went home, got the \$300,000, re-turned it to the bank, and went into SCOOL. the insurance business. - Tolelo

Two Kinds of Conceit.

Blade.

tator.

Simple conceit, founded on really great gifts, is often a very pleasant quality. No more amiable quality than the conceit, say, of Hans Christian Andersen, can easily be imagined. though it caused him a hundred bitter trials in his earlier life before his great gifts were understood and acknowledged by the world. So, too, Gold smith's conceit was a very attaching quality; and in our own day we could name a poet full of the most amiable and attractive conceit, in which there was not anything irritating or even indicative of jealous mortification. The truth is that sunny conceit, founded on great gifts, is often delightful, while the conceit which broods on the world's injustice is not recognizing to the full these great gifts is corroding and repelling. The happy conceit which takes all the recognition it can get with gratitude, and supplements it with sincere pity for those who have not sufficient insight to recognize the gifts that have been displayed, is as charming and radiant a quality as we can find anywhere, while the jealous conceit which is always suspicious of the inadequacy of the world's admiration is one of the most unpleasant and displeasing of characteristics. In other words, the conceit which is perfectly joyous, but, of course, founded in true gifts, attracts, while the less perfect conceit, which has a little distrust, on one side or other, of the solidity of its own genine, is displeasing, because not serene. The former is as cheering as sunshine, the latter as displeasing as restlearness .-- London Spec-

LION FARMING.

Little Cubs Given to a Dog for a Foster Mother. The greater part of the lions exhibited to the public have, according to showmen, been born and reared in traveling menageries or caravans. Nowadays the breeding, training and rearing of wild beasts constitute a regular business, and is carried on systematically.

As soon as a lioness has a litter of cubs they are taken away from ber and given to a collie, Newfoundland or other canine foster-mother. As a rule, a woman looks after both nurse and cubs, the task usually falling to the lot of the mistress of the caravan.

When born the lions are like young cats. The little family is usually ac commodated in a corner of the caravan, or in the trainer's private apartment. In their infancy the young lions are treated just like kittens.

When they are able to walk they have the run of the place, play about, and seem to look for and enjoy the caresses that are bestowed upon them They recognize for a long time the authority, so to speak, of the fostermother, and are obedient to her wishes,

Brighton, once did the very same thing. He was firing at a small flock of com-mon pochard when the charge hung fire, in consequence of which a rare specimen had time to fly into the line of shot. It is now in the Brighton mu-

Apropos, a strange freak of partridges may be mentioned. Upon certain occasions they will fly far out to sea and settle on the top of the waves with as much unconcern as if they were on a turnip field, although it means certain death to every one of the covey.

CARE OF HATS."

Spec s of Dust, Ruffled Feathers and Pin-holes Are No: to Be Commended.

The essential of woman's attire, for which she pays the most fanciful price, is ner hat. A simple felt shape plainly trimmed with velvet and wings costs no mean sum, and when a more betrimmed and befurbelowed affair is chosen, the drain on the purse makes the wearer wince. Yet how few women take proper care of the dainty creations after they are purchased. It is the abuse, not the use, of the hat, that makes it rapidly become shabby.

When it is put on for the first time the wearer must decide just where to insert the point of the hat pin so that it will cause least harm. When the hat is worn thereafter care must be taken to put the pins in the holes made by them at first. If not, the crown will soon become roughened and marred with many punctures. When the hat is taken off it must be carefully brushed with a soft whisk broom and every particle of dust dislodged from the brim and from the crown. The loops and bows must then be pulled straight and the feathers or wings smoothed into place if the wind has blown them into disorder. A large band box lined with tissue paper is the proper receptacle for this easily injured head covering.

She who is the happy possessor of a large hat trimmed with estrich plumes must determine never to wear it in damp or storiny weather. The beauty of the plumes lies in their fluffy curl and this is speedily destroyed by dampness. Then the whole hat is trans formed from a thing of beauty into a caricature. Unless a woman can af ford a toque or other small bonnet in addition she would better content herself with a less elaborate construction whose simple prettiness is proof against damp airs and boisterous winds. Harper's Bazar.

INSANITY IS TABOOED.

Prominent Wisconsin Lawyer Who Will Not Enter That Defense,

The following story is told of John Brennan, of Stevens Point, as a criminal lawyer: The story goes, says the Milwankee Journal, that a farmer who had killed his wife in the northern part of the state sent for Mr. Brennan to defend him, offering to deed him his farm if he would take the case. Brennan wanted his pay in advance, and so the farmer made over the property to him. The murder was a most brutal and coldblooded one, and Brennan knew that there was but one plea that might save his client from a life sentence, and that was insanity. The trial was one of the fiercest ever fought in a Wisconsin court. The attorney for the defense oc-

